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Gene Autry

comics



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GA = GENE AUTRY
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IGA

GENE AUTRY

BULLDOZES
the CROOKS

PEACE AND QUIET
SURE IS NICE FOR
A CHANGE! I HOPE
IT LASTS...AT LEAST
UNTIL I CATCH
ONE FISH!

GENE AUTRY IS
ENJOYING SOME
LONG-AWAITED
FISHING...

HEY! I THINK I'VE
GOT ME A BITE!

ME, TOO!

OOOW!

HEY, WHAT
THE...

WELL, YOUNG MAN, SUPPOSE
YOU TELL ME WHAT THIS IS
ALL ABOUT!

GEE, MISTER...I GOT
LOST IN THE WOODS
AND I WAS AWFUL
HUNGRY! SO I-I-WAS
GONNA SORT OF-
WELL-TAKE SOME
OF YOUR FOOD!

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your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.

DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

NEVER TAKE ANYTHING
WITHOUT ASKING! BUT
IF YOU'RE HUNGRY, I'D
BE MIGHTY GLAD TO
SHARE MY FOOD
WITH YOU, SON!

THANKS,
MISTER!... I
WON'T DO IT
AGAIN, HONEST!

SHAKE ON IT!...
MY NAME'S GENE
AUTRU! WHAT'S
HOURS?

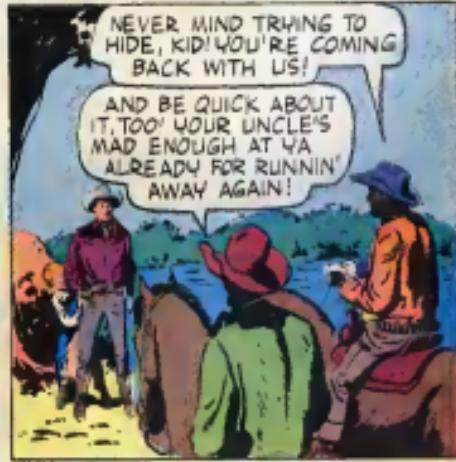
I'M BOBBY SHORT.
AND... SEE WHILLIKERS
... UNCLE JAKE'S
MEN! THEY'VE
FOUND ME!



HELP ME, GENE!
DON'T LET THEM
GET ME!

NEVER MIND TRYING TO
HIDE, KID! YOU'RE COMING
BACK WITH US!

AND BE QUICK ABOUT
IT, TOO! YOUR UNCLE'S
MAD ENOUGH AT YA
ALREADY FOR RUNNIN'
AWAY AGAIN!



I DON'T GET IT! YOU SAID
YOU WERE LOST, BOBBY!

YOU STAY OUTA
THIS, COWPOKE!

I DON'T
WANT TO GO
BACK TO
UNCLE JAKE'S!
HE'S MEAN
TO ME!

HMM -
BOBBY'S
SURE
SCARED
OF HIS
UNCLE!

TELL YOU WHAT,
BOBBY... I'LL RIDE
BACK WITH YOU!
HOW'S THAT?



NO GOOD, BUD! THIS
AIN'T YOUR BUSINESS
... SO KEEP OUTA IT!

AS OF NOW, I'M
MAKING IT MY
BUSINESS!

ARGH!



THAT GOES
FOR YOU, TOO!!

AIEE!

BAM!



NOW THAT'S SETTLED,
LET'S GET STARTED
FOR UNCLE JAKE'S
RANCH!

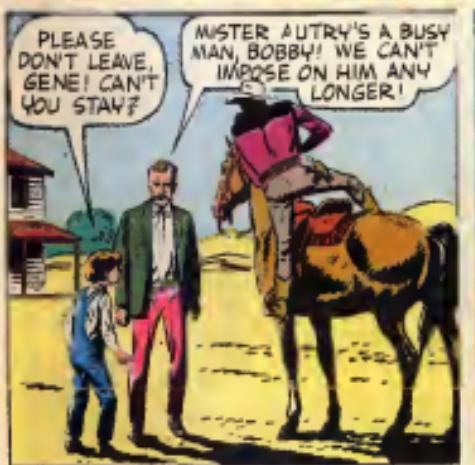
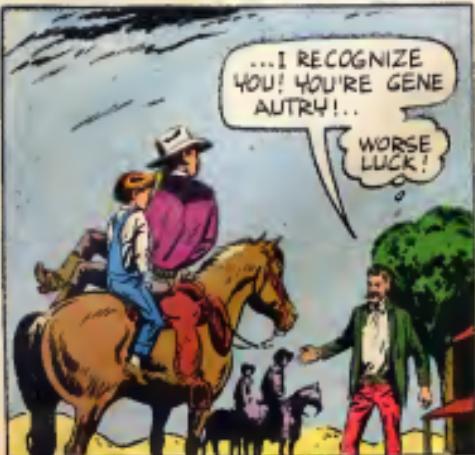


LATER, AT THE RANCH...

THAT'S
UNCLE
JAKE!

I JUST TOLD YOU
TO BRING THE KID BACK!
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF
DRAGGING THAT FELLOW
ALONG? ...OH...





HELLO, GENE...
IT'S GOOD TO SEE
YOU AGAIN!
WHAT BRINGS
YOU TO TOWN?

HOWDY, BEN! I WAS
WONDERING WHAT
YOU KNOW ABOUT
JAKE SHORT AND
THAT RANCH OF
HIS!



IT ISN'T HIS RANCH,
GENE! HE'S JUST
MANAGING IT FOR HIS
DEAD BROTHER'S
CHILDREN UNTIL THEY
BECOME TWENTY-ONE!
THE GIRL TINA, IS
ALMOST THAT
NOW!

TINA? IS
THAT BOBBY'S
SISTER?



THAT'S RIGHT,
GENE... AND A
SWEETER PAIR
OF KIDS YOU
COULDN'T FIND
ANYWHERE!

BUT WHAT
ABOUT JAKE?
KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT HIM?



NOTHING DEFINITE!
BUT I CAN TELL
YOU ONE THING
... FOR THE SHORT
TIME HE'S BEEN
HERE, HE'S BECOME
ABOUT THE MOST
UNPOPULAR MAN
IN TOWN!

THANKS, BEN!
YOU'VE SURE
WHETTED MY
APPETITE TO
FIND OUT MORE
ABOUT "UNCLE"
JAKE!



THIS FOOD SURE
HITS THE SPOT!...
BOBBY! WHAT ARE
YOU DOING HERE?
DID YOU RUN AWAY
AGAIN?

I HAD TO, GENE!
I HAD TO FIND
YOU! YOU'VE
GOT TO HELP
US!



TAKE IT EASY!
TELL ME ABOUT
IT... SLOW AND
CAREFUL! WHO'S
"US"?

MY SISTER TINA AND
ME! UNCLE JAKE'S
KEEPING TINA LOCKED
IN HER ROOM! HE
TELLS EVERYBODY
SHE'S SICK... BUT I
KNOW SHE ISN'T!
AND SHE KEEPS
CRYING ALL THE
TIME!



PLEASE, GENE
... YOU'VE GOT
TO HELP US!

I'LL SURE TRY, BOBBY!
C'MON, LET'S GET
BACK TO THE RANCH
PRONTO!



LATER, BACK AT THE RANCH...

THIS IS UNCLE JAKE'S OFFICE!

LET'S SEE
IF WE CAN
FIND OUT
WHAT HE'S
DOING!



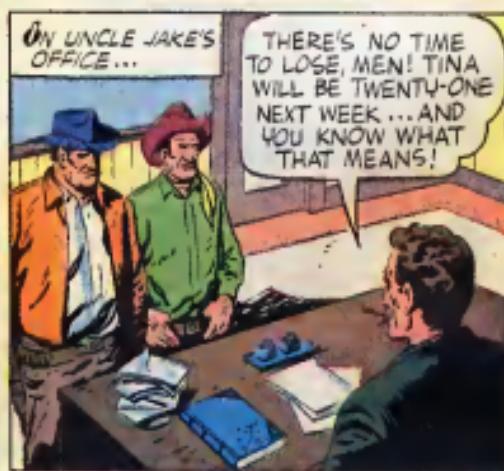
LOOK! ... UNCLE
JAKE'S IN THERE
WITH BLACKY
AND SPIKE!

SSH! WE'LL
TRY TO HEAR
WHAT THEY'RE
SAVING!



ON UNCLE JAKE'S
OFFICE...

THERE'S NO TIME
TO LOSE, MEN! TINA
WILL BE TWENTY-ONE
NEXT WEEK ... AND
YOU KNOW WHAT
THAT MEANS!



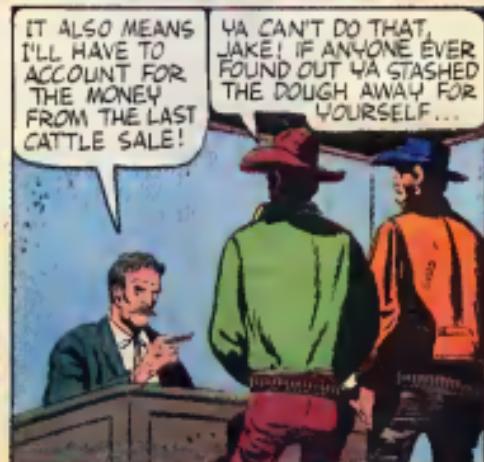
YEAH! YOU WON'T BE THE
KIDS' GUARDIAN ANY
MORE AND SHE'LL OWN
THE RANCH OUTRIGHT!

THAT'S ONLY
HALF OF IT!



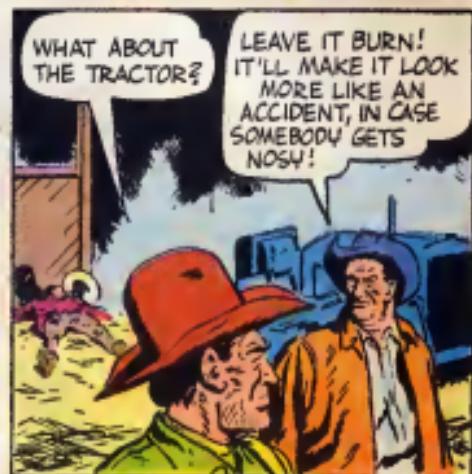
IT ALSO MEANS
I'LL HAVE TO
ACCOUNT FOR
THE MONEY
FROM THE LAST
CATTLE SALE!

YA CAN'T DO THAT,
JAKE! IF ANYONE EVER
FOUND OUT YA STASHED
THE DOUGH AWAY FOR
YOURSELF...













THERE'S NO BEATING THAT GUY... AND I'M THROUGH TRYIN'!

OUT SPIKE TRAPS...

OOOF!



... AND IS KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS...

OWWW!



THAT TAKES CARE
OF ONE FOR A WHILE!
NOW TO CATCH HIS PAL!



MEANWHILE...

WHAT THE ...
WHAT'S THAT NOISE
OUTSIDE?



AUTRY'S ESCAPED
FROM THE BURNING
BARN! I'VE GOT TO
STOP HIM!



I'M LOCKING YOU KIDS
IN... PLAY IT SMART...
AND DON'T TRY ANY
TRICKS!

AT THIS MOMENT...

LOOK OUT
BEHIND, FRIEND!

WANT A LIFT?

AIEEE!

UP YOU
GO!

I'M TAKING YOU TO
VISIT SOME OF
YOUR RELATIVES!





Gene AUTRY

IN TOO BLAMED PHONY

THAT'S A HOSPITABLE LOOKING LITTLE SPREAD, CHAMP! SUPPOSE WE SEE IF ITS OWNERS CAN SPARE SOME FOOD!

WHEE-EE!



AS GENE NEARS THE HOUSE...

PULL UP, MISTER, OR I'LL FILL YOU FULL O' BUCKSHOT!

WHOA, CHAMP! I GUESS WE WERE WRONG ABOUT FINDING HOSPITALITY AT THIS HOUSE!

CHAMP? SUFFERIN' SAGEBRUSH! IT'S GENE AUTRY!

CLEM WEAVER! YOU OLD DESERT RAT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? AND WHY THE SHOTGUN? WELCOME?

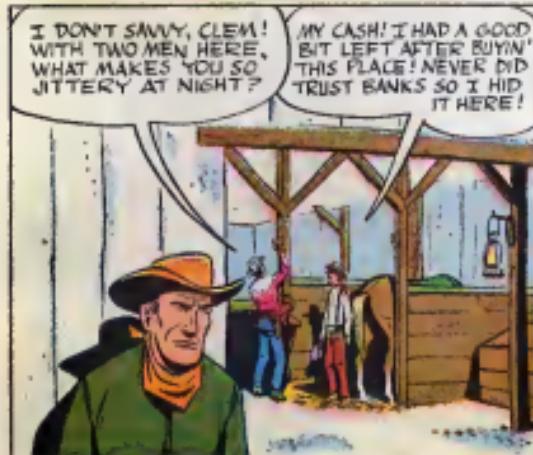


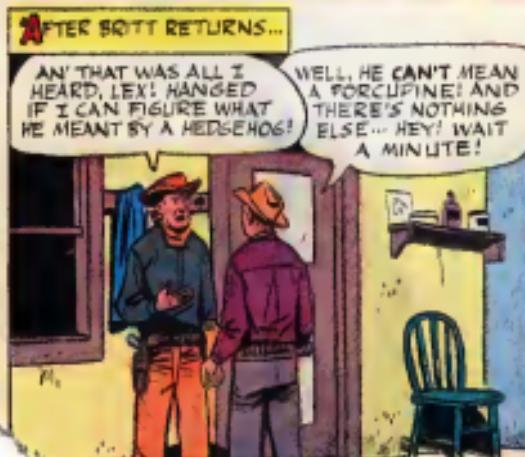
AROUND NIGHTTIME I'M SUSPICIOUS O' STRANGERS, AFOOT OR ON HORSEBACK! Y' SEE, THIS IS MY RANCH!

DON'T TELL ME YOU'VE GIVEN UP HUNTING GOLD!

YEP! I MADE A STRIKE... SOLD IT FOR PLENTY! SO I BOUGHT THIS RANCH AN' SOME STEERS. THEN I UP AN' MARRIED SARAH JENSEN! SHE'S AWAY FOR A COUPLA DAYS! I'M PLUMB LONESOME, TOO!







I HAD TWO YEARS OF COLLEGE BEFORE GRADUATING TO STATE'S PRISON! ONE OF THE COURSES I TOOK WAS WESTERN PLANT LIFE!

BUT HOW COULD A CACTUS STAND GUARD? DO YOU SUPPOSE HE BURIED THE CASH UNDER ONE?

THAT MAKES SENSE, MONTY! IF HE DID, IT SHOULDN'T BE TOO HARD TO FIND!

NOT NOW THAT YOU'RE WORKIN' FOR HIM AS A COWHAND! WHAT A LAUGH!



I GUARANTEE I'M ENOUGH OF AN ACTOR TO CARRY IT OFF... DIALECT AND ALL! NOW LET'S TURN IN! WE'LL NEED OUR WITS ABOUT US WITH THAT OTHER COWBOY IN THE PICTURE!



EARLY NEXT MORNING...

GENE! COME HERE AN' MEET ONE O' MY HANDS, LEX BRITT! BRITT, THIS IS GENE AUTRY! HE'S GOIN' TO TAKE CHARGE O' THE BRANDIN'!

HOWDY! I'M PLUMB DOWNRIGHT PLEASED TUH MEET YUH!



HUH? OH, THANKS! ARE YOU FROM AROUND THESE PARTS?

CAIN'T SAY AS I AM! I'VE WRANGLED CATTLE FROM BORDER TO BORDER! HAIN'T GOT NO PERTICKLER HOME TUH SPEAK OF NOHOW!



I'LL GO FIX US SOME GRUB, GENE, WHILE YOU'RE LOOKIN' THE PLACE OVER!

OKAY!

HMM... NO REAL COWHAND EVER TALKS OF WRANGLING COWS! ONLY HORSES!



AND THE JARGON HE TURNED LOOSE
WAS AS PHONY AS A LEAD DOLLAR!



IF HE'S A COWHAND, I'M A PAWNEE
CHIEF! BUT I'LL DOUBLE-CHECK BEFORE
I SAY ANYTHING TO CLEM!

HEY, BRITT!



AFTER LUNCH, DRIVE THE WAGON
TO TOWN AND PICK UP A LOAD OF
OATS FOR THE STEERS! THEIR
FEED'S RUNNING LOW!

KENO! I'LL
SHORE BE
GLAD TUH
DO IT!



THAT PROVES HE'S A PHONY! HE
DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THAT STEERS
ARE NOT FED OATS! I'D BETTER TELL
CLEM! BECAUSE, FOR MY MONEY, BRITT
WILL BEAR WATCHING!



TEN MINUTES LATER...

I'LL BET ANYTHING
HE'S AFTER MY CASH!
BY GLORY, I'LL SEND
HIM PACKIN' PRONTO!

NOT SO FAST! MAYBE
HE ISN'T A CROOK!
MAYBE HE'S JUST
TRYING TO BE A REAL
COWHAND!



HOW'RE
WE GOIN'
TO PROVE
WHICH
HE IS?

IF BRITT IS CROOKED...
AND WAS LEFT HERE
ALONE, HE'D IMMEDIATELY
START LOOKING FOR THE
CASH! AND IF WE SHOULD
COME BACK AND CATCH
HIM AT IT...



GOOD IDEA! I
SAVVY, BUT HOW
ABOUT MONTY?
HE RECOMMENDED
BRITT FOR THE JOB!

THEN IF BRITT'S
CROOKED, MONTY
IS, TOO! COME ON!
LET'S SADDLE UP
AND GET RIDING!



LATER...

WEAVER SAID THEY'D
PROBABLY BE GONE
ALL MORNIN'. WHAT
A BREAK!

RIGHT! BE SURE TO
REPLACE THE
HEDGEHOGS YOU DIG
UP! IF WE DON'T
FIND THE CASH
BEFORE THEY GET
BACK, WE DON'T WANT
THEM TO GET
SUSPICIOUS!



NOTHIN' HERE, LEW!

HERE, EITHER!



HE MIGHT HAVE BURIED IT NEAR
THE HOUSE! I'LL LOOK OVER THERE!
YOU CHECK THE BARN AREA!

OKAY!



CIRCLING RAPIDLY, GENE AND CLEM RETURN TO THE RANCH...

BRITT! DIGGIN' UNDER
A HEDGEHOG CACTUS!
HOW IN Tarnation DID
HE KNOW?

REMEMBER LAST NIGHT?
I WAS SURE I SAW SOMEONE
EAVESDROPPING, AND YOU
HAD JUST MENTIONED THE
HEDGEHOGS! MONTY MUST
HAVE HEARD AND TIPPED
HIM OFF!



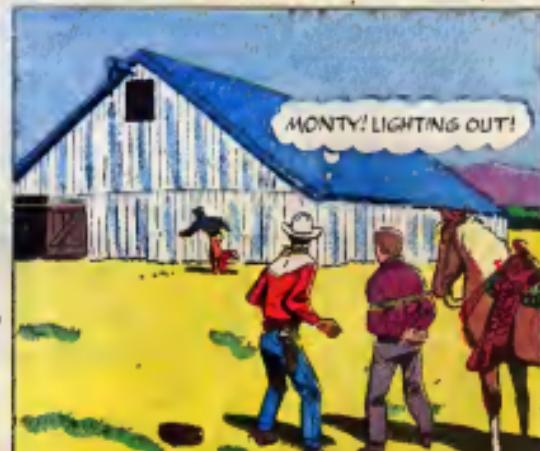
COULD BE! BUT
THEN WOULDN'T
MONTY BE
DIGGIN' F

MAYBE HE IS!
THERE'RE MORE
HEDGEHOGS
BEHIND YOUR
BARN! YOU LOOK
THERE! I'LL HANDLE
BRITT!

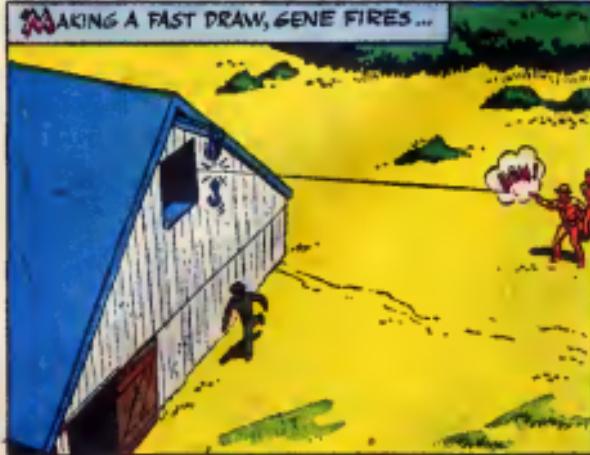




MEANWHILE...



MAKING A FAST DRAW, GENE FIRES...



I DON'T SAVVY HOW YOU GOT WISE!

BRTT OVERPLAYED HIS HAND! HE WAS TOO BLAMED PHONY!



LATER...

CLEM WEAVER! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF LEAVING THE RANCH ALONE? I CAME BACK EARLY AND... GENE AUTRY! WHERE'D YOU DROP FROM?

IT'S A LONG STORY, SARAH! LAST NIGHT, I HEARD A RIDER TURNIN' IN AT THE GATE AN'...



AS CLEM FINISHES...

SO WE TOOK THOSE CROOKS TO JAIL AN' THE CASH TO THE BANK!

WELL, I'M GLAD SOMETHING MADE YOU PUT IT IN A SAFE PLACE! BUT WHAT'LL YOU DO ABOUT THE BRANDING?



DON'T WORRY, SARAH! I'LL BRING A COUPLE OF MY BOYS OVER TO HELP! THEY'RE REAL COWHANDS!

THEY'VE GOTTA BE... TO WORK FOR GENE AUTRY!



A Woman's Way



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It was with a deep feeling of loneliness that Salina watched her husband, Jed, ride away. For a moment she was swept by unreasoning panic; she was tempted to run after him and call him back. But she managed to stifle the impulse and, sighing, turned back into the house.

"Why, he'll only be gone until sundown," she thought to herself. "I'll be perfectly safe." Not that there was anything to be frightened of, even though the nearest neighbor was thirty miles away. It was just that this big sprawling country was so different from what she had known in New England.

Salina snapped herself out of her reverie and hurried about her work. Although she and Jed had been married only two months, she fully realized the size of the task confronting her and her husband. It was true that they had only a small spread—five thousand acres and a few head of cattle—but everything depended on just the two of them.

Salina had finished making the bed and was busy with the breakfast dishes when she was interrupted by a hail from the yard.

"Jed! Oh, Jed!"

She hurried outside, wiping her soapy hands on her apron as she went. It was Clint Thomas, their nearest neighbor, sitting his horse in the front yard.

"Why, hello, Mrs. Benson. Where's Jed?"

"Hello, Mr. Thomas. Jed rode up to Ambush Pass. He's looking for some strays up that way and I don't expect him back before sundown at the earliest. Won't you get down

and have a cup of coffee?"

"Now that's right neighborly! Don't mind if I do."

Clint Thomas dismounted and tied his horse. Then he took a heavy leather bag from the saddle bags.

"Too bad I had to miss Jed," Thomas said to the musical accompaniment of his jingling spurs as he stepped into the house, "but I guess I can leave this with you, just as well as him . . . it's the money I owe him."

"Money? What money, Mr. Thomas?"

"Well, Mrs. Benson, before you come out here to marry Jed, he worked for me for about six months and ran this spread on the side. At the time, I was hard hit for money and couldn't pay him sny wages. I promised that just as soon as I got squared away I'd pay him up in full. Well, I ran into a little good fortune recently, so here's Jed's money, all seven hundred and fifty of it."

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars," gasped Salina. "Why, that's a small fortune to us!"

"Yes, it is a right comfortable sum to come into," Thomas admitted, "but Jed earned every penny of it and then some. And as I started to say, ma'am, I would have left this at the bank for Jed instead of bringing it out, but Jed banks over in Prescott and I do business in Twin Falls. I didn't have the time to run over to Jed's bank for him."

"Oh, I'm glad you didn't go to that trouble," Salina interrupted. "The money will be perfectly safe here."

Thomas put down his coffee cup. "I'd like to visit longer, Mrs. Benson, but I've

away three days now, and there's lots that needs tending to at home."

Salina watched Thomas out of sight and turned back to her work with a feeling of quiet happiness. She had finished the dishes and was filling the lamps with kerosene when she heard the sound of another horse in the yard. Hurriedly putting down the fruit jar filled with kerosene which she was using to fill the lamp bowls, she ran into the yard.

"Jed! Jed, the most wonderful news . . ." Salina broke off uncertainly because the man sitting on the horse in the yard was not Jed. It was a man she had never seen before.

"Oh, excuse me," she faltered. "I—I thought you were my husband."

"That's quite all right, little lady," the man said. "I wonder if I could get a meal. I haven't eaten all day, and I'm hungry."

Some unknown instinct warned Salina to refuse this request, and she was on the point of doing so when she remembered that it was an unwritten rule of the range that no one was ever refused a meal, or even a bed.

"I'd be glad to fix you something to eat. Won't you come in?"

As Salina bustled about the kitchen preparing food, she laughed at herself for being prey to such childish fears all day. Even so, she couldn't quite dismiss the thought that there was something about the man that she didn't like, something she didn't trust.

Soon she placed before him a plate loaded with steaming grits, fried ham, and eggs.

With his mouth stuffed with food, the man suddenly spoke to her as she returned to her task of filling the kerosene lamps.

"Where are all the hands, ma'am? I didn't see anybody around as I rode up."

"We don't have any help," Salina answered and then cursed herself for admitting it. "But my husband will be returning at any moment," she hastened to add.

"Well, now, you don't say!" the man replied, as he pushed back his plate. "But he'll return to find me and the money gone."

"What money are you talking about?" Salina asked.

"The money in that bag over there on the mantel, ma'am. You see, I followed Clint Thomas all the way out here. I was in the bank when he got the money. I had intended to take it away from him before he got this

far, but he met up with another feller who rode within five miles of this place with him, and I figured two of them were too much for me to take on. As it is, it's worked out much nicer — with you here all alone, there won't be no trouble, will there? Now just step over there to the mantel and get the money for me and I'll be on my way."

Still clutching the fruit jar of kerosene, Salina reluctantly walked over to the mantel and got the money, realizing that her strength was no match for the stranger's.

"That's nice, little lady. You're plumb smart to do what you're told to do. Now hand me the money."

"All right, take the money," Salina said, "and take this, too!" And she dashed the jar of kerosene into the man's face!

As the man clawed blindly at his face, trying to get the kerosene out of his eyes, Salina whirled swiftly and snatched a burning ember out of the fireplace.

"Now . . . mister . . . mister . . . whatever your name is," Salina panted, gasping for breath. "If you make one move, I'll set your beard afire with this ember. That money is ours, and we intend to keep it!"

Salina backed him slowly across the kitchen, brandishing the flaming stick, until she could reach the loaded shotgun that was kept on pegs over the doorway.

She kept the intruder at bay for over two hours, never once showing any sign of fear. And it was only when Jed had returned, and the man with the black beard had been taken by the authorities, that she admitted she had never been so frightened!



A DOUBLE GAME



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ONE DAY BREAK, AN OMINOUS HOWL
WAVERED SHEEP RANCHER LINK DODD...



HOWDY! I'M
LINK DODD—
OWNER OF
THIS
SPREAD!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU!
MY NAME'S GABE
DAVIS! I HEARD A
SHOT! THOUGHT
SOMEBODY MIGHT
BE IN TROUBLE!

I'VE GOT PLENTY OF
TROUBLE! . . . WOLVES!
I'VE TRIED TRAPS AND
POISON, BUT THESE
KILLERS ARE TOO
SMART TO FALL
FOR EITHER!

WHAT YOU NEED IS A
GOOD "WOLFER"! . . .
AND THAT'S ME! I
GET FIVE DOLLARS A
PELT, IF YOU KEEP IT;
FOUR DOLLARS,
IF I DO!

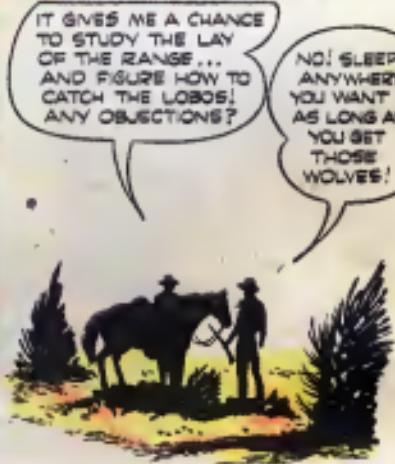
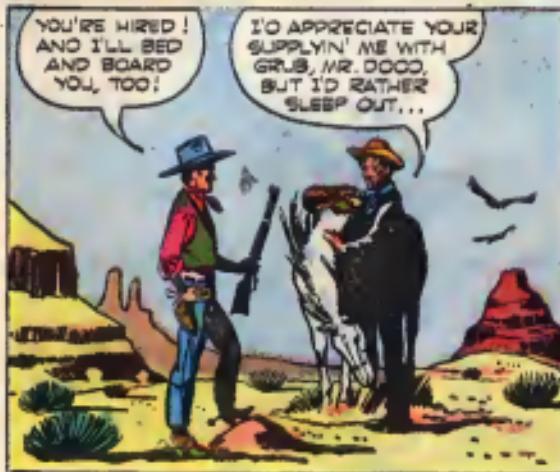


YOU'RE HIRED!
AND I'LL BED
AND BOARD
YOU, TOO!

I'D APPRECIATE YOUR
SUPPLYIN' ME WITH
GRUB, MR. DODD,
BUT I'D RATHER
SLEEP OUT...

IT GIVES ME A CHANCE
TO STUDY THE LAY
OF THE RANGE . . .
AND FIGURE HOW TO
CATCH THE LOBOS!
ANY OBJECTIONS?

NO! SLEEP
ANYWHERE
YOU WANT
AS LONG AS
YOU GET
THOSE
WOLVES!



AFTER TWO WEEKS . . .

THESE THREE WOLVES
WON'T CAUSE ANY
MORE TROUBLE,
DODD! YOU WANT
THE PELTS?

NO! THEY'RE
NOT WORTH THREE
ADDITIONAL BUCKS
TO ME! BUT YOU'RE
WORTH EVERY CENT
I'M PAYING YOU!

I DON'T SEE ANY MORE
STRAYS UP HERE! GUESS
I ROUNDED UP... HOLY
SMOKE! THAT RUMBLIN'
I'D BETTER GET OUT
OF HERE FAST!



A FEW DAYS
LATER . . .



HOOFPRINTS AND WOLF TRACKS HEADING TOWARD SAM BENTON'S SPREAD! AND OLD TWO TOES IS ONE OF THE LOBOS!



LINK! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN KEEPING YOURSELF? YOU HAVEN'T BEEN OVER HERE IN WEEKS!



I HAD TROUBLE WITH THE VARMINTS, TOO... TILL I HIRED A WOLFER! HE RODE OUT JUST AS YOU RODE IN!

I SAW HIM, SAM! HE'S BEEN WORKING FOR ME, TOO! WHAT'S MORE, I THINK HE'S A CROOK!... HAVE YOU SEEN ANY TWO-TOED WOLF TRACKS ON YOUR RANGE?



PLENTY! BUT ABOUT DAVIS! WHAT MAKES YOU THINK HE'S CROOKED?

BECAUSE HE'S GOT THREE WOLVES PENNED UP IN A RAVINE ON SPLICE RIDGE! AND ONE OF THEM IS TWO-TOED!



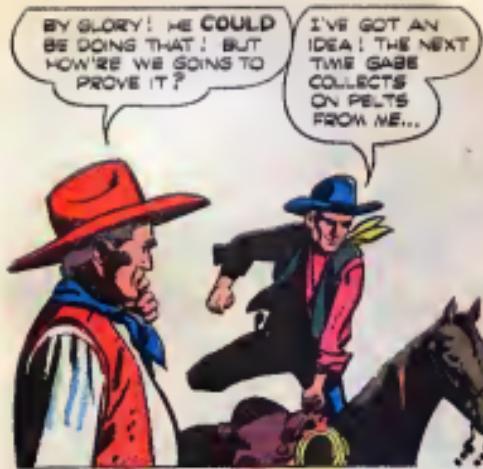
I FIGURE HE'S RUNNING THOSE WOLVES BACK AND FORTH TO OUR RANCHES... LETTING THEM MAKE TROUBLE... AND THEN COLLECTING FROM BOTH OF US!

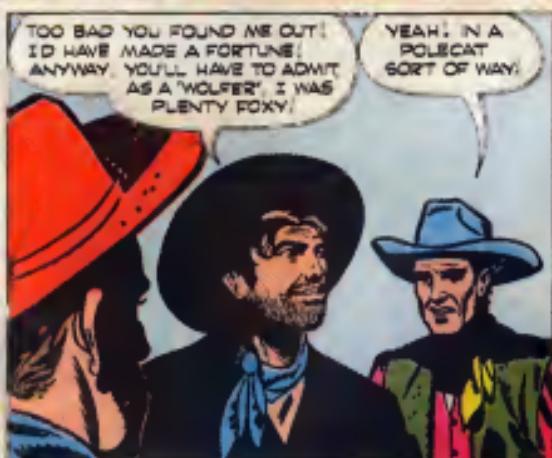
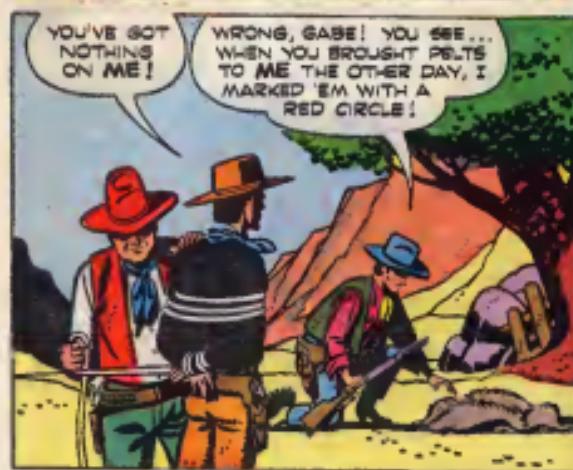


BUT, LINK! WHAT ABOUT THE PELTS HE BRINGS IN EVERY DAY OR SO? IF THE WOLVES ARE STILL ALIVE...

THOSE PELTS ARE FROM OTHER WOLVES! DAVIS IS USING THEM OVER AND OVER AGAIN!







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**RED RYDER
CARBINE**

ready for Christmas!



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MARY AND CLIFFY

HARTLINE THE CLOWN

New Dancing Puppets

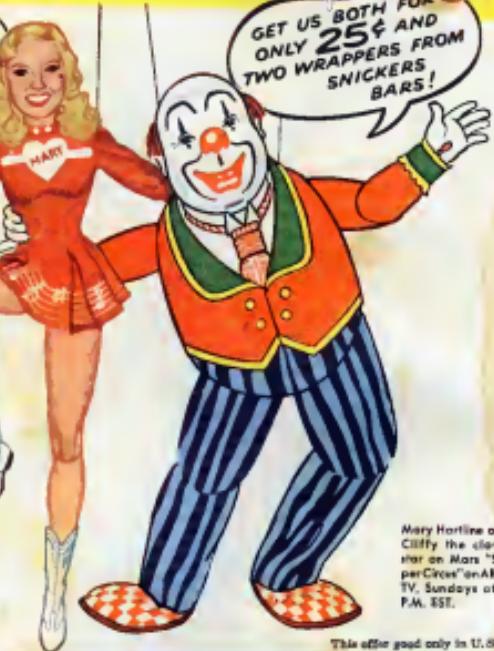


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WE DANCE WE STRUT AND
CLOWN - WE DO ANYTHING
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